

THE NEW PLAY

"The Silver Girl"

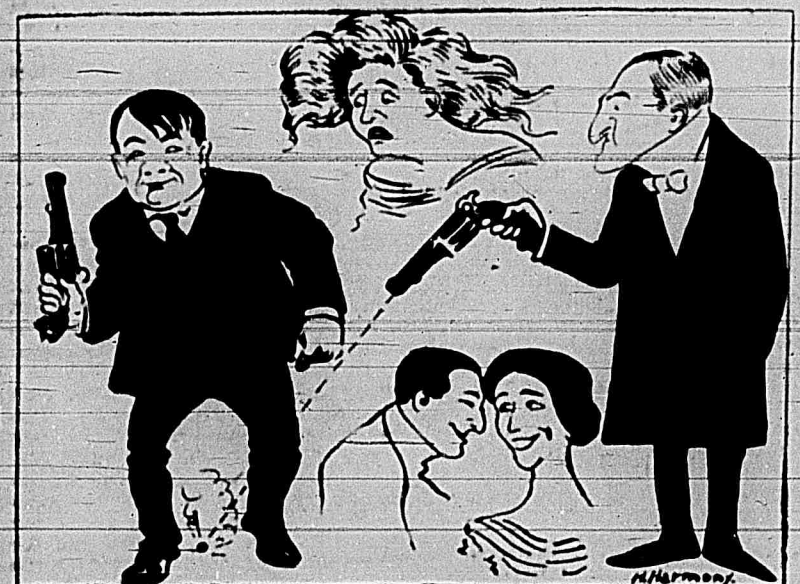
Sincere but Hopelessly Old-Fashioned.

With Western people pouring in coming to New York to make stage spectacles of themselves and martyrdom of us? And, anyway, isn't it about time that the Western play was given a return ticket and packed off over the prairies? With the possible exception of "The Round-Up," which shoots on the prairie, it has become very tame and equally tiresome. How much longer is Broadway to be The Great Divide?

In "The Three of Us," Miss Rachel Crothers rang a change on the old order of things by sending Eastern folk West; but other authors are still driving the stage coach East and placing it in competition with our more picturesque rail-barnack wagon. Looking back over the trail we can see the burden of guilt resting upon Paul Armstrong's padded shoulders. It was Mr. Armstrong, you may remember, who brought us "The Hell to the Floor" and left the gate open behind him.

The latest arrival is "The Silver Girl," by Wallace's. Twenty-five years ago "The Silver Girl" might have been a new and glittering thing. Last night seemed almost; but hopelessly old-fashioned. It commended itself as an honest piece of work by Edward Peppis, who creates that tender little thing, "The Prince Chap," which caused Manhattan to wipe away a tear during a particularly heart-rending winter. This time, however, the tear remained in hiding; it refused to be lured from its lair. The heart didn't ache—it was something else.

The four acts seemed long and dreary and musty with the past. After "The Step-Sister" we were ready to weep with "The Silver Girl," but there was no use trying. We must leave that blessed privilege to Manager Frank McKee, who hates to laugh. We couldn't sympathize with Annie Hunter, the miner's wife who preferred New York to Nevada, and furnished her Seventy-second street home with a burr that wouldn't come off. When she began to "live" we felt we were beginning to die. We knew what would happen the moment she started going to grand opera with Nathan Hargrave. That is invariably fatal to the happiness of Western ladies whose husbands don't fit their "dress suits." Any thing is likely to happen after grand opera when the system isn't used to it.



George Fawcett as Hunter; Jane Oakes as Annie; G. Nash as Hargrave; Ed Niclauder as Dick; with Lillian Albertson as Julia Raymond.

But nothing did happen last night until the stage clock struck 10.30. "Chuck" Wilson, one of those impossible Westerners that never happen off the stage, had whooped it up a bit, and "Jeff," the miner-husband, had sentimentalized about Nevada, but nothing of any consequence occurred until word came that "The Silver Girl" mine had been stolen. "Jeff" determined to go back and rescue the mine. Annie couldn't bear the thought of leaving New York and her "exquisite" furniture. So "Jeff" started off without her, while she and the city chap went to the opera. But "Jeff" was stalled in the subway, and so he missed his train and came back home. Sometimes the subway knows its business. By stalling a train on this momentous occasion it enabled "Jeff" to forestall an alibi.

A beautiful governess whose mother needed an operation which "Jeff" had financed, told him that his wife and Hargrave were going to run away together that very night. "You mean little snake, get out of my house!" shouted "Jeff." But the governess reminded him that she was going to marry his son, and induced him to listen to the brief but painful particulars. Then "Jeff" put out the lights and waited for the plot to thicken.

For once Annie had found the opera too much for her, and she was back ahead of time with Hargrave. They would go to Paris, said he. Annie wasn't sure about it, but when Hargrave told her that her husband didn't understand her and asked her how she would like the simple life in a mountain cabin, she thought better of Paris. Yes, she would go without changing her dress. They were getting away when up went the lights and out stepped "Jeff" from behind the curtain. He had heard "all."

The wife was sent out of the room. Without looking at her lover, "Jeff" walked over to a table, picked up two pistols and gave Hargrave his choice. They would fire, he said, when the clock struck the half-hour. They took their places at opposite sides of the room. Time went the clock. Bang! went Hargrave. "Why didn't you shoot straight?" asked "Jeff," who hadn't raised his gun. And only the curtain fell!

In the last act, "out that in the hit," Annie went back to "Jeff"—that was all.

Mr. George Fawcett gave "Jeff" a rugged simplicity and a trick of saying things to the air, but he had no opportunity to equal his capital performance of Alberman Phelan in "The Man of the Hour." Miss Jane Oakes was true to her burr as the wife, and Miss Lillian Albertson was a governess who can teach many of our actresses a lesson in making a great deal of little. She is worth watching.

Scarcely as much as can be said for the play. "The Silver Girl" grows as heavy as lead before that clock strikes 10.30.

CHARLES DARNTON.

Beauty Advice to Women

By Miss Ayer

Lines Around the Eyes.
R—Probably these lines around the eyes are only visible to you and I, you neither need an operation nor massage. You can massage your own face, using the tips of the fingers for the delicate skin around the eyes, and always doing this before the mirror, so as to see what you are doing. Don't rub the lines in, rub them out as you would rub out wrinkles in a piece of silk. Always use cream when massaging. When you have not time for this and the lines look deeper to you, apply

"Limerick" Prize Winners.

THE EVENING WORLD will give three prizes every day of \$5, \$5 and \$2 for the three best last lines for uncompleted "limericks." The prizes here awarded are for last Saturday's limerick.

There was a young man whose mustache
Was rough as a textile of crash.
His sweetheart said "Sir!
I hate facial fur,

FIRST PRIZE—\$5.
"It's oculatory goulash."

William T. Manning, No. 45 Prospect street, Waterbury, Conn.

SECOND PRIZE—\$3.
"Sifted kisses remind me of hash."

P. R. Brown, Darien, Conn.

THIRD PRIZE—\$2.
"Send that to the 'rummage' for trash."

Miss Marion Helm, No. 197 Springfield avenue, Irvington, N. J.

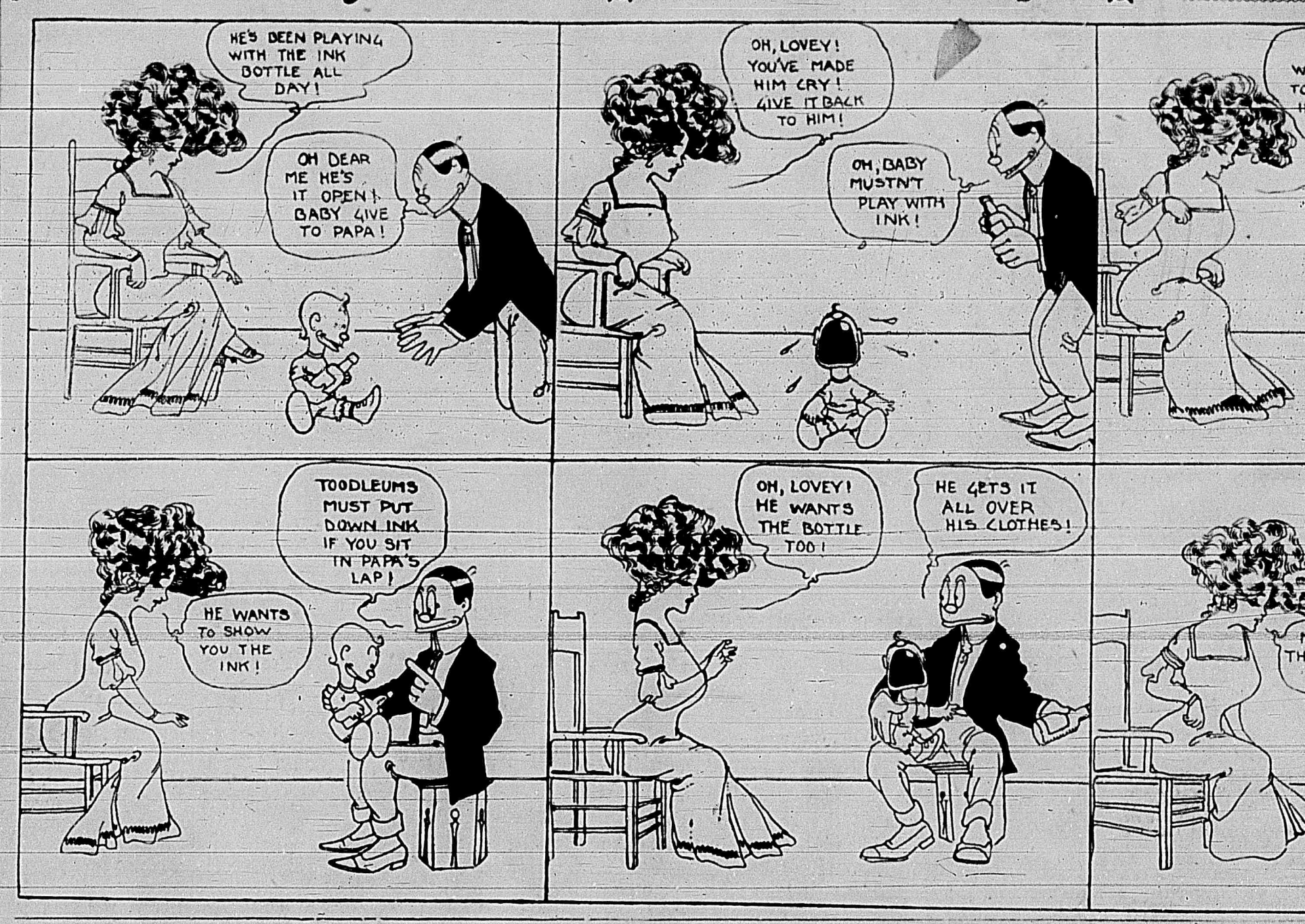
Prizes for the "limerick" here printed will be awarded Saturday, Oct. 19.

There is a young wife who hates missing
A single half minute of kissing.
Every second she'll roar:
"You don't love me no more!"

Write the line to complete this "limerick" and send to "LAST LINE" EDITOR, Evening World, P. O. Box 184, New York City.
It is not necessary to use this coupon in sending in your answer, but you may do so if you desire.

The Newlyweds Their Baby

By George



Love Sends "The Round Up" Hero Into the Desert on a Life-

The Round Up.
(A Romance founded on the great play of the same name.)
By John Murray.

(Copyright 1907, by John Murray.)
SYNOPSIS OF PRESUMED CHAPTERS.
Jack Payne, a young Arizona ranch owner, marries "the Allen" daughter of a neighboring cattlemen, Echo, long before was engaged to Jack's cousin, Dick Lane, but believing the latter to have been murdered by a desperado, he marries her. Jack is alive, but keeps the news from Echo, fearing to lose her. Just before the wedding Dick appears, says Jack \$5,000 he owes, learns the truth and departs. An old station-master named Terrill has been shot and killed by a desperado, a half-breed "bad man," who has lured Dick Lane's youngest brother, "Bud," into acting as his accomplice. Bud is engaged to Echo's cousin, who is secretly loved by "Alice." However, the fat sheriff of Pinal County, Jack pays off a bribe, with the \$5,000 Dick gave him. McKee tries to avert suspicion from himself by charging Jack with Terrill's murder and saving the mortgage was paid off with stolen money. However, Payne's other friends hear Jack's story in clear terms, and the sheriff and the mortgagee are both arrested. Jack is free. Promising he will not try to escape, Jack leaves him alone with Echo for a few minutes. Then he confesses to his wife how he deceived her in regard to Dick.

CHAPTER XVI.
(Continued.)
The Confession.
"I DIDN'T know it until after we were engaged," pursued Jack. "The next day I wanted to tell you, but the telling meant that I should

BETTY VINCENTS' ADVICE TO LOVERS

How to Know Her Better.
Dear Betty:
I AM in love with a girl to whom I have only spoken a few times. I would like to get better acquainted with her. How can I do this? M. M.
Ask her if you may call.

To Win Her Back.
Dear Betty:
I HAVE been keeping company with a young lady for four years and broke the engagement one month ago because I did not like her to go to dances every two weeks. I still love her and am now able to have a home of my own. How can I win her love? J. J.

Write her a note saying you are sorry for the quarrel and ask if you may call again. In the future don't be too dictatorial as to her pleasures.

A Disagreeable Sister.
Dear Betty:
I HAVE devoted some attention to a young lady for seven months past. A short time ago when I called there her sister without cause deliberately offended me among a large number of guests. She has never apologized. Is it proper for me to call? C. A.

As you are courting the first young lady it is unnecessary for you to stop calling because her sister refuses to apologise for her remark. Pay no attention to her in the future.

To Ask Him to Call.
Dear Betty:
I HAVE known a young man all my life, but he never called on me until lately. I made it as pleasant as I could for him the evening he called, but I did not ask him to call again. He did not mention it either. Kindly let me know if it was my place to ask him to call. I would like very much to have him call again, but am

waiting for him to mention it.

He Loves a Widow.
Dear Betty:
I AM just crazy with worrying. I am madly in love with a widow who is thirty years old and who has two children. She lets me call her by her first name "Lizze." My friends laugh at me because her name is Lizze. Do you think her first name ought to make any difference to me? Also am I to wait to marry, being almost nineteen? Do you think she loves me? She never answers when I ask her if she does.

You are entirely too young to marry. The widow's name should make no difference to you, but she evidently does not care for you. Don't waste your time with her.

How's Your Luck?
Horoscope for To-Day.
By Ali Baba Boo.
Wednesday, Oct. 16, 1907.

ASK favors this day, particularly of those who are in circumstances similar to yours. It is a helpful time.

Those whose birthdate this is will be annoyed by puzzling letters during the twelfth month. The annoyance will seem much greater than it should be. When the trouble is over it will be seen that it was magnified. If this crisis is well overcome their business will be prosperous.

The boy born to-day will be clever, but too fond of female society. In which he will be a great favorite. He will do best in employment, being almost a girl born to-day will be bright and helpful. She will be inclined to sacrifice too much, but her life will be happy.

Call or send TON FASHION, New York. Send for FREE PATTERNS. Specify ways specify

How to Obtain These Patterns

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